

I am honest when I say this is a true story. At least, it's a clear memory for me.

When I was a kid, maybe 6-7 years old, I had an imaginary friend. Except, I clearly remember him, or it, existing quite clearly, even though the concept of him now seems ridiculous.

His name was Melvin, and he lived down the drain. It didn't matter which drain, he was always there, the kitchen sink, the bath tub, everywhere. I never got a good look at him, but that's because it's dark down the drains.

My first memory of Melvin, and curiously one of my oldest memories at all, was of hearing a voice while I was taking a bath. It sounded muffled and deep and croaky like a frog, and at first I couldn't tell where it was coming from until I unplugged the tub and let the water drain out. When the water finally finished draining, I heard the voice again while I was dressing, this time very clearly.

It asked me to come and see him. Now, being six years old and hearing voices down the drain, I was totally freaked out, but curious at the same time. I approached the tub and looked down the drain, and what I saw there is still burned into my mind. Two glowing yellow eyes, like cats.

For some reason, I don't remember what I did after that. I probably ran to my room or something, I don't know. What I do remember, however, is that for the next two or so years I would hear Melvin every time I was alone and near a drain. I would hear it pester me, ask me to come and look at him and talk to him. I never wanted to, but he always convinced me, and I looked down to see the two yellow eyes.

What did we talk about? Nothing really important. I remember it asking what I liked to do and what I liked to eat, random stuff like that. I remember telling him about school and other things. It got weird when I started to ask him the questions. I asked who and what he was, but he never got a straight answer. He just said his

name was Melvin and he lived down the drain, like always.

From time to time, Melvin would tell me that he was hungry and he needed food, so I would go to the fridge and sneak back random things like crackers or cheese or cereal and pour them down the drain. That didn't make my parents happy, because I got punished a lot for my 'imaginary' pal Melvin. I tried to tell them he was real, but Melvin would never talk when they were around.

Well, at this point I would have thought of him as just an imaginary childhood 'friend', but one thing happened that made me question it. When I was around seven years old, I was getting out of the bath, and I let the water drain out. Once it did, like usual, Melvin was there asking me to come talk to him.

His voice seemed croakier than usual, creepier. I said I didn't want to, but he would pester me, his voice almost screeching in protest until I'd give in and approach the tub. I would sit on my knees on the side of the tub and lean over the edge to peek down the drain, where the yellow eyes were.

Melvin told me that night that he was getting tired of living down the drain, and he wanted out and he needed my help. He said I needed to stop running the water or else he would be stuck forever. I told him I needed to use the water but that just made him mad. I never heard Melvin get so angry. He would start screeching like a dying wild animal, so loud I wondered how no one else in the house could hear him.

I tried to tell him to calm down, that I would bring him some good food, but he wouldn't listen. What happened next, I'll never forget. Rising out of the drain was a skinny, boney, arm, with a hand on the end spiked with razor sharp claws. The arm was covered in matted, stinking hair, as if it had been in the water for ages, and the nails had gone yellow. It reached right for me, grabbing me by the arm and started pulling me towards the drain as if to pull me in. All the while I could hear its screeching howl. I screamed as loud as I could, and the next thing I knew, my mom and dad were

in the bathroom with me, holding me and asking what happened. The arm was gone.

I never heard Melvin after that night. I always wonder, even to this day, if he really existed, or if it was my child brain making things up and he was imaginary. I still am not sure, because that one night comes to mind every time I walk near a drain, and sometimes I'm tempted to look down the drain, but I can't for fear of seeing those bright yellow cat-like eyes.